

The Evening World.

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WILL EXPLANATIONS EXPLAIN?

THE Vatican authorities are reported as increasingly—albeit recently—persuaded that the Pope's peace proposal has been misunderstood and will have to be explained.

From the point of view of the United States it becomes more and more clear that the Pope's peace letter contained one line, to mention no other, which the Vatican itself ought to have known must instantly arouse a formidable question and a formidable doubt at Washington.

If the Pope's advisers had taken the trouble to re-read the carefully weighed words which the President of the United States addressed to Congress April 2, 1917, they could never have counselled the phrase in which the Pope expresses his wish

to invite the Governments of the belligerent peoples to come to an agreement.

It is only possible to take the term "Governments," thus used, to include the present Hohenzollern dynasty, which, despite Belgium, despite the Lusitania, despite its crimes against civilization and the laws of humanity, the Vatican appears to regard as permanently entitled to speak as "Germany."

Yet this Imperial German Government, as now constituted, with which the Pope invites the Allied nations to "come to an agreement" on terms of equal honor is the same Government concerning which, on April 2, 1917, the President of the United States solemnly declared:

We are accepting this challenge of hostile purpose because we know that in such a government, following such methods, we can never have a friend; and that in the presence of its organized power, always lying in wait to accomplish we know not what purpose, there can be no assured security for the democratic governments of the world.

We are now about to accept rage of battle with this natural foe to liberty, and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power.

The Vatican has long been famous for the comprehensive grasp and insight of its diplomacy. In its late peace proposal, however, it showed a positively Teutonic clumsiness. We pass over the effect of the proposal upon the other Allied Governments. There is little doubt the Pope had hoped his peace move might find its strongest support in the United States.

To see why that hope cannot be realized the Vatican has only to read the Papal message side by side with the address of April 2, 1917, wherein the President of the United States made it for all time clear that for this Government "Prussian autocracy" and "the German people" do not and cannot henceforth mean the same thing.

Before preparing their "explanation" of the Pope's peace letter the Papal counsellors will do well to study the President's war address to Congress with an attention they seem not yet to have given it.

Had they re-examined it earlier, the Papal peace message might have been framed with a care and skill better calculated to fulfil its purpose and at least have impressed this country as something more weighty than a proposal answered in advance.

What we need in this country to win the war, declares Chairman Gifford of the Council of National Defense, is voluntary submission to discipline.

That must be what Senator La Follette is thinking as he gets ready to block the passage of the War Revenue Bill with one of his time-defying harangues to the Senate.

WAR AND THE RICH.

DESCRIBING the resistance Milan offered to Frederick Barba-rossa's attempt to overrun Italy in 1155, Sismondi notes, in his History of the Italian Republics:

"Thus a year's campaign sufficed to destroy one of the most formidable armies that Germany had ever poured into Italy. The Milanese felicitated themselves on having preserved their liberties by their courage and patriotism.

"Their treasury was indeed empty; but the seal of their opulent citizens, who knew no other luxury than that of serving their country, soon replenished it. These men who poured their wealth into the treasury of the republic contented themselves with black bread and cloaks of coarse stuff. At the command of their Consuls they left Milan to join their fellow citizens in rebuilding with their own hands the walls and the houses of Tortona, Rosate, Treccate, Gallata and other towns which had suffered in the common cause."

God speed the "Fighting Sixty-ninth."

Letters From the People

Cab Extortion at Terminals.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I wish to cordially congratulate you because of your interest in the public travelling through New York, as shown by your efforts to prevent the extortionate charges of the cabs at the New York Central and Pennsylvania Railroad Stations.

You should receive fuller recognition and boundaries praise at home and abroad for your efforts.

I frequently go through New York, using cabs at both these stations, and have filed a protest at the Grand Central Station against these overcharges. Strangers arriving in New York at these great stations trust the authorities and the railroad companies, take them as guides and protectors, and so are victimized and stung.

It almost passes belief that the authorities of your great city and these transportation companies permit and uphold such treatment of a trusting public.

GIFT BLAIR.

Mother Awails Send-Off Day.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read your editorial asking when the great send-off day advocated by The Evening World is to be held. That is what we all want to know. While waiting for that day my boy was sent South without any chance to parade. He had been looking forward to that great event, and many of us mothers are doing the same. Yours

editorial is an echo of my own thoughts.

Although my boy has gone, I hope that other mothers will be able to see their sons march away.

ONE OF THE BOYS' MOTHERS.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A says that conscripted men do not get the same pay in the army as volunteers. It says that it will make no difference whether men are drafted or volunteer.

Yours are an American citizen.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I was born in Italy. At that time my father was a naturalized American citizen, travelling in Europe. A citizen of Italy or America?

Kindly inform me on what day June 30, 1889, fell.

Yours are an American citizen.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

My father brought me to this country when I was about three months old. I am twenty-one years of age now, and my father hasn't taken out citizen papers. Can I claim citizenship or must I take out papers?

Just Now He's for Peace

By J. H. Cassel



How America First Saved the World for Democracy

Secret Treaty of Verona Bound Europe's Monarchs to Stamp Out Spark of Liberty Wherever Found—England and America Allies Then.

By James C. Young

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THIS is not the first time that we have challenged the power of autocratic monarchs bent on destroying liberty. It was largely the stand made by the United States, with the aid of England, that defeated the greatest conspiracy of all times, a conspiracy intended to keep enslaved the people of every nation. The true story in this game of kings can now be told because the secret treaty of Verona has been exposed, revealing its full significance. Even Germany's plottings seem less sinister with this document in evidence. A reading of its contents makes plain the influences which have shaped American foreign policy for a hundred years.

After Napoleon's empire of cards came tumbling about his ears, the Emperor of Austria and Russia and the King of Prussia signed an agreement in Paris forming the so-called Holy Alliance. That was Sept. 26, 1815. The alliance was holy in name only, being a kind of insurance policy against the encroachments of democracy. The treaty undertook to employ religion as a stop-gap of liberty. The Prince Regent of England was invited to become a fourth party to the compact, but that gentleman wrote from Carlton House on Oct. 6 that "the forms of the British Constitution preclude me from acceding formally to this treaty."

However, the Regent assured the three rulers of his "entire concurrence" in their plan.

There was the germ of the plot. The evil seed did not bring forth a bud until seven years later. Then, on Nov. 22, 1822, the envoys of the three powers met in Verona and concluded a secret treaty. The first had been made openly and couched in high-sounding phrases that meant nothing. But not so the second one. Its framers came in the dark and did their business quietly. Now they had a fourth conspirator, the representative of Louis XVIII, restored to the throne of France, which had been re-erected as an absolute monarchy on the ruins of the republic and the first empire. Observe what this treaty provided:

"The high contracting powers being convinced that the system of representative government is equally as incompatible with the monarchical principle as the sovereignty of the people with the divine right, engage mutually and reciprocally to adopt all proper measures to suppress it, not only in their own states but also in the rest of Europe."

"Convinced that the principles of religion contribute most powerfully to keep nations in the state of passive obedience which they owe to their princes, the high contracting parties declare it to be their intention to sustain in their respective states those measures which the clergy may adopt with the aim of ameliorating their own interests so intimately connected with the preservation of authority of the princes; and the contracting powers join in offering their thanks to the Pope for what he has already done for them and solicit his constant co-operation in their views of submitting the nations."

As a first step in uprooting what secret liberty could be found on the continent of Europe, a subsidy of 20,000,000 francs a year was granted to France for the purpose of crushing the semi-constitutional governments established in Spain and Portugal.

The job was delegated to France because Louis could not well refuse the men who had made him king, even though the passion for freedom that coursed through the French heart made his own throne rock uneasily. Indeed it was not long until France returned to another trial of democratic government.

It was the plan of the Holy Alliance to not only deal with Spain and Portugal, but the colonies of those two countries in South America. These colonies had begun to break away from the mother lands, founding republics. In alarm the monarchs of Europe looked on, and determined to crush this reptile of freedom before it had a thousand heads.

Some inkling of their purpose reached the United States. On Dec. 2, 1823, President James Monroe sent a message to Congress embodying the famous principles which have stood for almost a century as the rampart of freedom in both Americas. In this foundation of the Monroe Doctrine he said that "the occasion has been deemed proper for asserting, as a principle in which rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power."

So to speak, the United States had become a local anesthetic in the treatment of headache.

The preliminary steps in the manufacture of mental are carried out by the Japanese farmers themselves, with the aid of stills of a simple design. The peppermint plants are first dried in sheds, or under cover from the sun, for thirty days. Then they are placed in the stills, where they undergo a process of steaming. The resulting vapors are led off through pipes into cooling chambers, are condensed, and deposited as crude peppermint oil. The crude peppermint is shipped to Yokohama and Kobe, where factories subject it to a process of fractional distillation to obtain the full content of menthol.

Before the war about half the menthol crystals exported from Japan were sent to Germany. Since the outbreak of the war, the United States has become the largest purchaser of these crystals, followed in order by Great Britain, France and British India.

The price has varied from \$2 to \$250 a pound during the last five years, reaching most of the time near the higher mark. Recent improvements in the processes of manufacture have kept the price within reasonable limits in spite of a considerable increase in the demand since the beginning of the war.

"Ah, you all have a financial as well as a friendly interest in me, I see," said Mr. Jarr. "So do be it!"

Mr. Dinkston, Mr. Michael Angelo Dinkston, poet and peasant, the champion heavy-weight of the English language, pulled forward and spoke to Mr. Jarr in mellow accents.

"You are responsible to financial obligations myself," he said, "I deplore, naturally, the cruel and in-

Americans Under Fire

By Albert Payson Terhune

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UNCLE SAM, for the first time in history, has sent American soldiers to Europe. There they will carry on the torch of our country's glorious war record—a record that dates back to our own first blow for liberty.

For nearly a century and a half, off and on, Americans have been under fire, both by land and by sea. And gallantly they have acquitted themselves. Against far stronger foes they won our freedom. By mighty deeds of valor they preserved that freedom and kept our nation united and unshakable.

Now that we have once more taken up arms in a righteous quarrel the story of our forefathers' heroism in battle should be dear to the heart of every true American.

In this series no attempt will be made to record in order the chronicle of our wars. The articles will deal solely with fights in which Americans, under fire, bore themselves like men and left a flaming example of courage and patriotism for us, their descendants, to follow.

No. 1.—"THE SHOT HEARD ROUND THE WORLD."

IN the gray dawn of April 19, 1775, a group of shirt-sleeved farmers and shopkeepers huddled in front of a bridge near the lower end of the village green at Lexington, Mass.

The roadside was lined with women, wet-eyed, but unflinching, and with half-dressed children. Some of the women were clinging to the arms of their husbands or lifting their children to them for a goodby kiss.

The shirt-sleeved group at the bridgehead was made up of Massachusetts "Minute Men," none of them in uniform, few carrying any more formidable weapon than the family shotgun. About one hundred and thirty of these "Minute Men" were gathered there.

Capt. John Parker commanded them.

Every eye turned at intervals toward the road beyond the bridge, the road leading to Boston, ten miles away. For along that road, somewhere in the chill morning mist, death was advancing.

The thirteen American colonies had rebelled against the unjust taxes and oppression crowded upon them by England, their mother country. England's German King, George III., would not admit that the colonies had any rights.

No organized blow had yet been struck. But the hour was ripe. All the country was watching Massachusetts. For there, it was felt, the war must begin.

A strong force of British regulars held Boston. Throughout the surrounding country the patriots were secretly drilling and were collecting arms and ammunition and provisions against the approaching attack.

The British in Boston learned that a quantity of food and arms was hidden at Concord, seven miles beyond Lexington. And on the night of April 18 a force of 800 veteran red coat troops, under Major Pitcairn, was sent to seize and destroy this collection. Paul Revere, a Boston goldsmith, heard of the plan. Slipping past the British sentinels, he galloped by night to Concord, spreading news of the coming expedition as he rode. The whole countryside was at once alert.

At the Lexington bridge the first detachment of Minute Men waited for the British to arrive, the British who not only outnumbered them six to one, but who were trained soldiers, well armed and equipped. A kindergarten child might as well have tried to stop the rush of a heavyweight pugilist. But, though these grim-faced farmers knew the fearful odds, they knew no fear.

Presently a boy came running back from the road beyond the bridge shouting that the vanguard of the British was in sight. Through the dawn stillness came the measured tramp of feet. Through the mist glowed the red uniforms and shining muskets of the enemy. Major Pitcairn, riding in front, saw the pitiful clump of armed farmers drawn up to defend the bridge.

"Disperse, you rebels!" he bawled, as if trying to scatter a pack of monkeys. "Lay down your arms and disperse!"

The Minute Men stood firm as the bridge itself. Pitcairn blazed at them with his pistol and yelled an order to his troops. A gust of musket fire poured into the gallant little hero group. The Minute Men returned the volley as best they could. But when the smoke rolled up and cleared the scene a great cry arose from the women at the roadside, for sixteen of the brave farmers lay dead or wounded on the ground.

The first shot of the revolution had been fired. "The shot heard round the world," the shot whose echoes were never to die into silence until our country should be free.

On toward Concord marched the victorious British, pillaging and destroying as they went. There they turned back toward Boston. But they speedily found it far easier to thrust one's hand into a hornet's nest than to draw it out again unscathed.

By this time the whole region was alive with armed men. They shut down the red coats from behind bush and wall. They were everywhere, they were nowhere. Whenever Pitcairn tried to face them they were hidden. As soon as he began his march again they were pouring hot shot into his ranks. The British were moved down by dozens. They marched faster. Soon they broke into panic flight, throwing away their guns and knapsacks and rushing pell mell for safety. The farmers burst from cover and chased them. Only a strong reinforcement sent out from Boston to meet them saved the whole British force from destruction.

Thus ended the first day's fighting our country (as a country) ever knew—the day on which Liberty was born.

The Jarr Family By Roy L. McCardell

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HAVING been absent from town the first part of the week previous, and having spent the latter part of it week-ending with friends in the country, Mr. Jarr came into Gus's place a temporary stranger, so to speak.

He was none too cordially greeted by the inmates. Gus said gruffly, "Oh, it ain't you, is it? My! The sight of you is good for blind eyes!"

"You needn't have stayed out of Gus's place no more than out of my shop on account of that balance what is owed me for provision for your family," grumbled Bepler, the butcher.

"Nor for me, neither," remarked Muller, the grocer. "Let bywords be bywords when we meet here on pleasure what ain't business. Of course, I could sue you in the Municipal Court for them nineteen dollars owed me on your grocery bills, yet I wouldn't be even mad at you after you paid me in court before I got the judgment if we met here in Gus's."

Before Mr. Jarr in mellow accents spoke to Mr. Jarr in mellow accents.

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considerate commercial trend which the conversation has assumed—or at least such as has been directed to you. And," here he bowed to the others, "I crave the forbearance of the bourgeois tradesmen in excommunicating my friend, Mr. Jarr, from his present embarrassing situation, in which your ill chosen locution on his fiduciary relations with you has placed him. I would confer with Mr. Jarr in camera, so to speak. We seek the privacy and seclusion of the rear apartment."

So saying he led Mr. Jarr into the back room of Gus's popular cafe.

"May I inquire," he said when he got Mr. Jarr there, "if the unpleasant ebullitions that greeted you will not wholly obviate your concurrence in a matter most necessitous? While I am not aware of being under peculiar obligations to the commercial proletariat as you are, yet my financial condition is indeed desperate."

"How much do you want?" asked Mr. Jarr. And he ran his hand into his trousers pocket and shoved aside a few bills so that when he made a sound and brought his treasure trove to the surface it would only be silver coin.

"My request is most modest," replied Mr. Dinkston. "It would be only for currency sufficient to preserve the amenities of conviviality."

"Most of them take beer," said Mr. Jarr. "Would half a dollar do?"

"Such a sum is prodigal," Mr. Dinkston replied, "and when the present difficulties that have so sadly restricted my means have passed, when my exchequer is again replenished, I will restore to you the sum I have been wrongfully deprived of."

"When vast property once more reverts from the distant side of the ocean," naturally, the cruel and in-

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